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TO MY HEART.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.
In thy long, lonely times, porching heart!
When days are slow, and silent nights are sad,
Take cheer, weak heart, remember and be glad,
For some one loved thee.

Some one, indeed, who cared for falling face,
For time-touched hair, and weary-falling arm,
And in thy very sadness found a charm,
To make him love thee.

God knows thy days are desolate, poor heart,
As thou dost sit alone, and dumbly wait,
For what comes not, or comes, alas! too late,
But some one loved thee.

Take cheer, poor heart, remembering what
He said,
And how thy lost youth he missed no grace,
But saw some sadder beauty in thy face,
So well he loved thee.

It may be, on Time's farther shore, the dead
Love the sweet shades of those they missed on
this,
And dream, in heavenly rest, of earth's lost
bliss—
So he shall love thee.

Thou then take cheer, poor, silent, aching
heart;
Content thee with the face he once found fair,
Mourn not for fading bloom, or time-touched
hair,
Since he hath loved thee.

THE JIMTOWN ROMANCE.

A Hoosier Roundelay.

BY JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON.

The corner brick storehouse—in fact the only brick building in Jintown—was to be sold at auction; and consequently, by ten o'clock in the morning a considerable body of men had collected near the somewhat dilapidated house, directly in front of which the auctioneer, a fat man from Indianapolis, mounted on an old horse, began crying, pointing through his tobacco-filled mouth, and partly through his unmusical nose, as follows:

"Come up, gentlemen, and examine the new and splendid property I now offer for sale! Walk round the house, men, and view it from every side. Go into it, up stairs and down, and then give me a bid to start with. It is a very desirable house, indeed, gentlemen!"

With such a preliminary puff, the speaker paused and glanced slowly over his audience with the air of a practiced physiognomist. The crowd before him was, in many particulars, an interesting one. Its most prominent individual was Dave Cook, sometimes called Dr. Cook, but more generally answering to the somewhat savage-sounding sobriquet of Big Medicine, a man some 35 years of age, standing six foot six in his ponderous boots; broad, bony, muscular, with a strongly-marked Roman nose, and brown, shaggy hair. He was dressed in a soiled suit of blue jeans, and topped off with a plug hat that it would have stood an antiquarian's fancy to see. He stood quite still, near the auctioneer, smoking a clay pipe, his stalwart arms folded on his breast. As for the others of the crowd, they were, taken individually and collectively, about such as one will always see in a "dark corner," such as parts of Boone county were a few years ago, before the ditching law and the I. & W. Railway had lifted the fog, and enlightened the swamps and miasmatic ponds of that region of elms and burr-oaks, frogs and herons.

Big Medicine seemed to be the only utterly complacent man in the assembly. All the others discovered evidence of much inward disturbance, muttering to each other mysteriously, and casting eager inquiring glances at an individual, a stranger in the place, who, with a pair of side spectacles on and his arms crossed behind him, was slowly sauntering about the building offered for sale, apparently examining it with some care.

"Awful good clothes he's got on! Must 'a' come from Missouri, or some other big city one remarked.

"Chawes mighty fine tobacco, I tell you," said another.

"Them there boots!" observed another.

"On it generally, I bet," suggested a fourth man.

Meantime the subject of these very characteristic if not over-lucid expressions continued his examination of the building, the while some happy frogs in a neighboring pond rolled out a rattling jubilant chorus, and the summer wind poured through the leafy tops of the tall elms and athletic burr-oaks with a swash and roar like a turbulent river.

"What 'd'yer offer me for this magnificent property? Come! give me a bid! Speak up lively! What do I hear?"

The auctioneer, in the place, waded up to the walls of the old brick building, to where the blue-birds and pee-wees had built in the cracks, and along the warped window-frames, and just then it chanced that a woman's face appeared at one of those staring holes, which, with broken lattice and shattered glass, still might be called a window. The face was a plump, cheerful one, rather pretty, and certainly very winning and intellectual, after the manner of good, true womanly intellect.

"Forty dollars for the house, 'oman and all!" cried Big Medicine, galloping up to the window in which the smiling face was for the moment framed.

The man with the green spectacles darted a quick glance at the speaker.

"I am bid forty dollars, gentlemen, forty dollars, 'd'yer hear? Agoing for forty dollars! Do I hear fifty?" cried the auctioneer.

The crowd now swayed earnestly forward, closing in solid order round the store-box. Many whiskered, uncouth, but not unkindly faces were upturned to the window only in time to see the face disappear quite hastily.

"Hoony for the gal!" cried a lusty lad, whose pale blue eyes made no show of contrast with his faded hair and anguished complexion. "Dad, can't ye bid agin the doctor, so's I kin claim her?"

"Fifty dollars!" shouted the subornant man addressed as Dad.

This made the crowd lively. Every

man nudged his neighbor, and the anguished blue-eyed boy grinned in a ghastly, self-satisfied way.

"A going at fifty dollars! Think of it! A low with four or five thousand dollars at the least! Palaw! I bid up lively, men!" cried the auctioneer.

"Six hundred dollars," said he of the green glasses, in a soft, pleasant tone.

"Six hundred dollars!" echoed the auctioneer triumphantly; now, then, that sounds like business! A going—a going—bid up or you lose a bargain!"

"Hoony for hoony and hoony's daddy!" shouted the tallow-faced youth.

The frogs pitched their song an octave higher, the blue-birds and pee-wees wheeled through the falling floods of yellow sunlight, and lower and sweeter rose the murmur of the tide of pulsating air as it lifted and swayed the fresh sprays of the oaks and elms. The well-dressed stranger took off his green glasses, wiped them carefully, and put them in his pocket.

The Roman face of Big Medicine was just then a most interesting one. It was expressive of more than words could rightly convey. The stem of the clay pipe he held settled back full three inches into the arched mouth, so that there was imminent danger to the huge brown mustache that drooped over the fiery bowl.

"Six hundred and ten dollars," said Big Medicine.

"A going, a—" began the auctioneer.

"Six twenty-one," growled Big Medicine.

"Six twenty-five," quickly added his antagonist.

Big Medicine glanced heavenward, and for a moment allowed his eyes to follow the flight of a great blue heron that slowly winged its way, high in the air, toward the distant swamps, where the white cyamores spread their arms above the dark green maples and dusky hazel-witch thickets.

The auctioneer, a close observer, saw an auburn hue, barely discernible, ripple slowly across the great Roman face as Big Medicine said, in a jerking tone:

"Six twenty-five and a half!"

The stranger smiled and threw out his chin, as if to say, "No more importunate countenance could be imagined."

"Six twenty-six!" he said gently.

"Take the old house and be derved to you!" cried Big Medicine, looking furiously at his antagonist. "Take the blamed old shack-a-macker, and all the cussed blue-birds and pee-weers to boot, for all I care!"

"A going, going—bid up, men!—going, going—who says five more? All done! Going, going! last call—gone to Abner Golding for six hundred and twenty-six dollars, and cheap as dirt!"

The sale was over, and the crowd broke into small fragments, composed generally of three or four individuals.

"Golly, doctor," said the tallow-faced youth to Big Medicine: "Golly, doctor, but didn't that 'ere gal make that 'ere ole shanty look pooty when she peeped out for all I care?"

"You see this 'ere bundle of bones?" asked Big Medicine, holding up his enormous fist for the young man to inspect.

"Guess so," was the reply.

"Well, would you like a small mess of it?"

"Can't say as I would."

"Well, then, keep yer derved mouth shut!"

About this time the purchaser of the corner brick walked slowly in the direction of Squire Tadmore's office, accompanied by the young woman who had looked from the window. As Big Medicine saw them enter the office, he picked up a stick and began to whittle it with his jack-knife.

A week passed over Jintown. A week of as rare June weather as ever lingered about the cool places of the woods, or shimmered over the sweet clover blossoms where the field-larks piped and the linden bees rose heavily to seek their homes. By this time it was known by everybody that Mr. Golding would soon bring on a stock of "dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes," and set up a "store," in the old corner brick; but Big Medicine knew more than any of his neighbors, for he and Golding had formed a partnership.

This Abner Golding had lately been a prominent retail merchant in Cincinnati, but had failed, saving only the merest remnant of his goods and a few hundred dollars. Thus he came to Jintown to begin life and business anew.

The week had been a long one to David Cook (Big Medicine); why, it would not be easy to tell. He was often standing out before the corner brick gazing up at one of the vacant windows, where pieces of the broken lattice were swaying in the wind; and occasionally he muttered to himself,

"There's where I fust seed the gal."

Four big wagons (loaded with boxes), three of them containing the store goods, and one the scanty household furniture of Mr. Golding and his daughter Carrie, came rumbling into Jintown. Big Medicine was on hand, a perfect Hercules at unloading and unpacking. Mr. Golding was sadly pleasant, Carrie was roughly observant, but womanly and quiet.

Due time the goods were all placed on the shelves, and Mr. Golding's household furniture was carried into the upper rooms, where he purposed living, Carrie keeping house.

On the first evening after things had been put to rights, Mr. Golding said to Big Medicine:

"I suppose we ought to advertise."

"Do how?"

"Advertise."

"Sartinly," said Big Medicine, though he had not the faintest notion of what was meant.

"Who can we get to do our fence-advertising?"

A gleam of intelligence shot into the eyes of Big Medicine. "O, I know what ye'll do now! I'll find some feller to 'write' the thing. He'll do it, then, after musing a few seconds, he added, with a start and a curious grin, "The moon shines to-night, don't it?"

"Yes; why?"

"I'll do the paintin' to-night. I'll fix it."

So the thing was settled, and Big Medicine was gone all night.

The next day was one of those rainy, stormy days, from daylight till dark. Big Medicine sat on the counter and chuckled. His thoughts were evidently very pleasant to himself. Mr. Golding was busy marking goods, and Carrie was helping him. The great gray eyes of Big Medicine followed the winsome girl all the time. When night came and she went up stairs, he said to Golding:

"That gal of your'n is a poorty little thing."

"Yes, she's all I have left," replied Mr. Golding in a sad tone.

Big Medicine stroked his brown beard, whistled a few notes of a jig tune, and, jumping down from the counter, went out into the drizzly night. A few rods from the house he alighted and looked up at the window. A little form was just vanishing from it.

"There's wher I fust seed the gal," he muttered, then sighed and went his way.

It is quite probable that no fence advertisements ever paid as well or stirred up a greater "muss" than those painted that night by Big Medicine. If space permitted I would copy them all for your benefit, but I must be content with a few random specimens, taken from memory, with an eye to brevity. On Deacon Jones's fence was scrawled the following: "Dern yer ole gizzard, ef ye want cheep coffee, go to Goldin' an' Cook's new store!" John Butler, a nice old quaker, had the following daubed on his gate: "Ye thewin' 'duck-legged, ye and na ole cuss, of the sportin' shies, ye go get a broad-rim hat at Goldin' an' Cook's great stand at Jintown." The side of William Smith's pig-pen bore this: "Bill, yer ornery sucker, come and trade with Goldin' an' Cook, corner brick." Old Peter Gurley found writing of the following import on his new wagon-bed: "Ef yer dry or anything, ye'll find a virtuous bag of rye flcker in the back room at Goldin' an' Cook's."

On a large plank, nailed to a tree at Canaan's Cross-roads, all passers-by saw the following: "Git up an' bridle! Here's yer old and faithful mule! Come in, gals, an' get yer doo-funny tricks and fixins, hats, bonnets, parrsolls, silk petticoats, and other inducements! Rip in, we're on it! Call at Goldin' an' Cook's great corner brick."

Some people swore, some threatened to prosecute, but finally everybody laughed, and went to the corner brick to trade. Jintown became famous on account of the corner brick.

The sun rose beyond the quagmires of Jintown, and set past the ponds and the woods blew the weather was fine or bad, the herons flew over, the blue-birds twittered and flew away, the pee-wees flourished, and there was a talk of a railroad through Jintown.

During this flow of time Big Medicine had feasted his eyes on the bright curls and bright eyes of Carrie Golding till his heart had become tender and happy as a child's. They rarely conversed more than for him to say, "Miss Carry, look there," or for her to cry out, "Pleese, Mr. Cook, hand me down that bolt of muslin." But Big Medicine was content.

The mail back stood at the post-office door, and Mr. Golding was coming thence with a letter in his hand. Big Medicine stopped and glanced up at the window. There stood Carrie. He smiled and muttered:

"Right wher I fust saw the sweet little thing!"

Mr. Golding passed him hastily, a great excitement flashing from his face. Big Medicine gazed wonderingly after his partner, till he saw him disappear up the stairs, then went into the store-room. He thought he heard a wild cry of joy, but it might have been the wind.

When an hour passed, Mr. Golding and Carrie came down to the store-room. How strangely beautiful the girl was now!

"Mr. Cook, I have glorious news this morning," said Golding.

"And what might it be?" said Big Medicine, as a damp chilliness crept over him, and his face grew almost as pallid as the spotless bosom of his shirt.

"The banking-house of Kelly & Krofton has resumed payment, which will give me back nearly all my lost wealth."

Big Medicine was silent.

"I have determined, on the moment, to give you this house and all that's in it. I can't take the time to write the deed, and fix up the matter now, but I will not neglect it. Carrie and I must hasten at once to Cincinnati."

"The banking-house of Kelly & Krofton has resumed payment, which will give me back nearly all my lost wealth."

Big Medicine smiled a great flaming smile, but he spoke no word. Carrie's woman's heart sank under that look, though she knew not wherefore.

The hack passed round the curve of the road. They were gone. Big Medicine stood alone in the door of the corner cottage on the high top of the hill, his shoulders at the well-filled shelves and mumbled out: "She ain't here, and what do I want of the darned old store?"

The wind rustled the elm leaves and tossed the brown brooks of the man over his great forehead; the blue-birds sang on the roof, the dust rose in little columns along the street, and high overhead in the yellow mist of the fine June weather, sailed a heron, going to the distant lakes.

He closed and locked the door and went out into the woods. A month passed ere he returned. Meantime where had he been? Only hunting for Mr. Golding and Carrie. He found them after a long arch, in a splendid cottage on the high top of the hill, in Cincinnati. Mr. Golding greeted him cordially, but somehow it did not seem to Big Medicine that Mr. Golding was really before him. His heart did not realize it.

"Carrie is in the garden. She will be glad to see you. Go out through the hall, and will see the little gal."

Mr. Golding waved his hand after the manner of a rich man, as he spoke and smiled patronizingly.

With a hesitating step and a heart full of unreal sensations, Big Medicine strode into the flower-garden. Suddenly a vision, such as he had seen in the dreams of childhood, burst on his dazzled eyes. Flowers and vines, and rich colors, perfumes so mixed and intensified that his senses almost gave way, long winding walks, fairy bowers, and—music. He paused and listened. A heavy voice, rich and manly, singing a love ballad to the tinkling accompaniment of a guitar, and blended through it all, like a silver thread, the low sweet voice of Carrie Golding.

Two steps forward, and Big Medicine towered above the lovers thus reunited after a long separation.

Carrie sprang to her feet with a startled cry; then recognizing the visitor, she held out her little hand and welcomed him. Turning to her lover, she said:

"Henry, this is Mr. Cook, papa's late partner."

Henry Marshal was a real gentleman, so he took the visitor's great hand and was glad to see him.

Big Medicine stood for a moment holding a hand of each of the lovers. He did not speak, but putting the sweet girl's hand in that of her lover, he turned away. As he did so a tear—a great bitter drop—rolled down his haggard cheek. A few long strides, and Big Medicine was gone.

Shrilly piped the blue-birds, plaintively sang the pee-wees, sweetly through the elms and burr-oaks by the corner-brick blew the fresh summer wind, as just at sunset, Big Medicine once more stood in front of the old-building, with his eyes fixed on the vacant, staring window.

It was scarcely a minute that he stood there, but long enough for a tender outline of the circumstances of the past year to rise in his memory.

A rustling at the broken lattice, a sudden thrill through the iron frame of the watching man, a glimpse of a sweet, womanly face—no, it was a fancy.

Big Medicine raised his eyes toward heaven, which was now golden and flashing resplendently with sunset glories. High up, almost among the burning clouds, a great heron was toiling heavily westward. Taking the course chosen by the lone bird, Big Medicine went away; and the places that once knew him know him no more forever.—N. Y. Tribune.

Some Needed Inventions.

American invention has done its full share in reducing the sum of human misery. The world is debtor to it for much that has simplified labor by supplanting or supplementing muscle with mechanism and machinery. The cotton gin, the steam-boat, the sewing-machine, the mower and reaper, and many other ingenious combinations or appliances, have gone out from us to gladden the world and receive the grateful recognition of mankind. But enough is left to be done to occupy the most inventive genius; and in directions which promise ample remuneration to the fortunate discoverer. Of these needed inventions we may name a few, not necessarily as wonderful or as widely influential as those above referred to, but which are none the less desirable. Moreover, there is a fortune in store for the happy man or woman who shall first introduce any of them to a waiting world.

Let us, first and foremost, in behalf of the housekeepers of every civilized country, bespeak the invention of some safe contrivance for the washing of dishes, which shall do this branch of domestic work with the least possible drudgery.

Very few husbands know how large a share of female human life is now worn out both by mistresses and maids in this least showy but most constant of all household occupations. One of the greatest of woman's wrongs, to-day, is the compulsory sacrifice of her time and temper to the inexorable claims of each morning's necessity. Even if her own hands are not obliged to do the washing in the process, her cleanly tastes must be outraged, and her nerves shattered, and her purse depleted by the slovenly or careless mode of procedure whereby Bid-ly bedsheets or breaks the fragile cups and plates. That this work, or most of it, can be done by some nicely adapted mechanical appliance, certainly seems to be among the possibilities. The only wonder is that it takes so long to hit upon it.

Another great want of the household is the invention which shall render inodorous the kerosene which has come to be the mainstay of most people outside of the cities as an illuminating agent. In many places, the "scent" of the kerosene hangs round it still, and rots out everything else as well. It does little credit to chemical science and progress that so many thousands of homes should be obliged to implore, in vain, relief from this ever present nuisance.

The man who will supply this desideratum is sure of being hailed and paid as a benefactor of his race.

Another want is a smoke-preventing apparatus, which will permit the consumption of bituminous coal in furnaces and stoves. The essentials of a perfect combustion are well enough known, and the necessities of this special case can be theorized on *ad libitum* by persons who profess to be able to do what is wanted. But in practice all the smoke, if not the gas, if the thing is secured, it is at an expense of money and complexity which makes it useless. Else why do our steamboats, locomotives, and stationary furnaces continue their pernicious and disgusting habits of smoking? If the invention has been introduced into English use, as some statist never has reported any, it is a failure. Seeing that this fuel is so very plentiful in the United States than anthracite coal, and in some sections is the sole dependence of the people, there surely are sufficient incentives for the development of some simple process of eliminating its only disagreeable characteristics. Here, then, are some fine opportunities for ambitious inventors. And what this fuel is, we shall be ready with another list.—New York Times.

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How Bodies May be Frozen by Heat.

The fact that there now exists several machines which through the consumption of coal produce ice, is one quite inapplicable to many; and perhaps while we are enjoying our cold drinks, so grateful in the hot weather suddenly come upon us, an explanation of this apparent paradox may not be unacceptable. That heat should directly or indirectly produce cold seems, at first thought, an impossibility; nevertheless, in the laboratory of nature this is an operation constantly going on; and it is in this wise:

Whenever a body changes from a solid to a liquid state, or from a liquid to a vaporous condition, large amounts of sensible heat disappear. Either the temperature (sensible heat) of the body itself falls very much lower than it was before in its change of state, or sensible heat is abstracted from surrounding bodies to maintain the expanding substance to its former temperature. The heat abstracted and stored up in the body, so that it no longer produces the effects popularly included in the term "heating," has been called latent heat. Its amount varies greatly in different solids, liquids, and vapors.

Now there are two ways in which bodies may be expanded, namely: by adding to their heat—sensible or latent—or both—or by removing the pressure their surfaces sustain. Or we may, if we choose, both impart heat and remove pressure simultaneously.

Thus the gas chlorine, when submitted to a pressure of about four atmospheres, becomes a liquid, and will remain so long as the pressure